

## Prophet Jones

### "Out for the Count"

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[Stevie J]

Uh, uh, uh

Yo Eve

[Eve]

Hey nigga check this here

I'm about to give it to you real clear

E-V-E ain't about the bullshit

Game playin, wanna be a third nigga do it elsewhere

Oh so what you tryna make me bitter

Shit better act right

I'll pull another nigga

I don't want no little boy

I ain't no babysitter

You want a chicken?

Go ahead make her lay your eggs nigga

Cause I ain't with that

I'll leave you lonely, crying

Huh baby you dig that?

And I leave can't get none of your gifts back

Take your car

Have you calling cabbies just to get home

And when you all alone

Don't wanna hear you ring my phone

That's right, baby act right

Got no time for the bullshit

Cause I'mma have my niggas running at your door to bust

Don't try to duck, you and that bitch with a full clip

Come on

[Stevie J]

One night back in July

She was standing outside the club

So fly she caught my eye

But you know that was not enough

I tried to get closer to shorty

But wifey had peeped my game

She looked at her funny

They had words

And I was the one to blame

1 - It started out one day  
Coming on a rainy day  
The sooner I do it, she never even stood a chance  
More will come, but there's only one champion  
She was out for the count again

It took about one hour later  
I started to make my move  
Out on the dancefloor  
When wifey returned she was through from powder  
room  
She saw me, freaking the same way I do  
When I dance with her  
And maybe if I would have played the right cards  
She wouldn't be hurt

Repeat 1

I'm sorry for doing you wrong  
I know that I have been a fool for too long  
But if you choose to go away  
Girl I feel that you should know  
I really wanna change  
I changed, girl I have changed

[Eve]  
Hey what I look like, a child?  
This ain't no fuckin' smile  
It's a frown, Ruff Ryde show you how I get down  
Won't take long, it'll be a quick pound  
Got a bob and weave, and a hitting sound  
Embarrassing have you running around crying  
(Get her off me, somebody help me now)  
Huh, too late ma, you gotta get your shit split  
Now that's for acting dumb like you ain't know who you  
was wit'  
You see this R around my neck  
I don't allow disrespect  
Bitch you must've really thought I slept with the wrong  
one  
See me drinkin' think I'm touched  
Next time you see this thug  
You gonna be walking on a crutch  
And for you sorry nigga  
You and that bitch can be together  
Forever sleeping in the same ditch  
That's it, I'mma leave, you ain't doing me right  
Play fair, or I'mma play dirty out your life, huh

Repeat 1 till end

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